

JUMBOR

Jumbor - Volume 2, Chapter 9

Credits Page

Original Manga:

Hiroyuki Takei

Story:

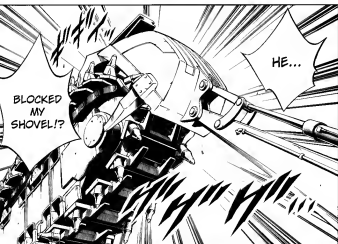
Mikami Hiromasa

With Takei currently on hiatus from new Shaman King-related chapters, we now get some time for catch-up on some other projects that have been on the backburner. And here is one of them... Jumbor! And be sure to support Takei and hope he finds a new home for Shaman King!

Also, we're 10 years old now. Slow and steady.



Translation: Kirjava
Translation Editor: Diti
Raw/QC: Jazzy
Clean/Type: andyslands
Mankin Trad
<https://mankin-trad.net>



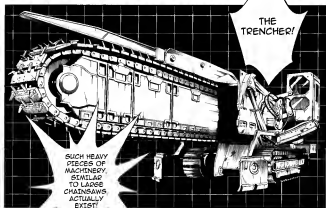
**NOT
TO MY
TREN-
CHER!**





CONSTRUCTION 9

REBUILDING THE FUTURE 2





IT'S AN AMAZING MACHINE THAT CAN DIG VERY LONG TRENCHES THANKS TO THE ROTATION SPEED OF ITS CHAINSAW-LIKE BLADE!

THEY'RE MAINLY USED IN THE LAYING OF PIPELINES IN OIL-FIELDS!



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

YOU SON OF A...!



DISTRIBUTOR...



HEY, HEY!

HE'S NOT YOUR ONLY OPPONENT HERE.



AARGH!!!

TH-
THIS
IS...!

ASPHALT
SPLASH!!!

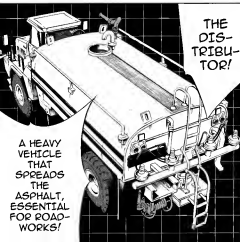
IT
WON'T
BUDGE
!!!

IT PRETTY
MUCH
CEMENTED
MY
SHOVEL!



IT'S A
BITUMINOUS
EMULSION!

THE
DIS-
TRIBU-
TOR!



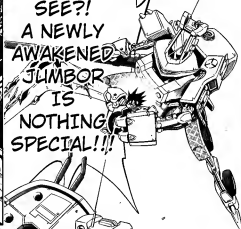
A HEAVY
VEHICLE
THAT
SPREADS
THE
ASPHALT,
ESSENTIAL
FOR ROAD-
WORKS!



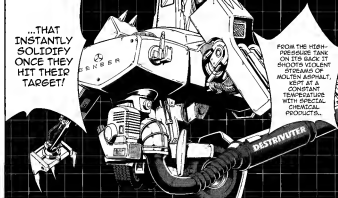
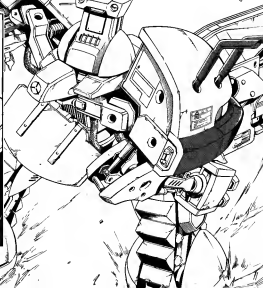


GOOD!
TEAR HIM
TO PIECES,
BRECCIA!

GYAHHAHA-
HAH!
SEE?!
A NEWLY
AWAKENED
JUMBOR
IS
NOTHING
SPECIAL!!!



OK! YOU
HOLD HIM
TIGHT,
GRIT!



...THAT
INSTANTLY
SOLIDIFY
ONCE THEY
HIT THEIR
TARGET!

FROM THE HIGH-
PRESSURE TANK
ON ITS BACK IT
SHOOT'S VIOLENT
STREAMS OF
MOLTEN ASPHALT,
KEPT AT A
CONSTANT
TEMPERATURE
WITH SPECIAL
CHEMICAL
PRODUCTS...



WHEN
THEY'RE
WORKING
TOGETHER!

THE
TRENCH
DIES, THE
DISTRIBUTOR
FILLS
UP!

THIS IS
THE REAL
TERROR
THEY CAN
INSTALL...



EH!?



TAKE
THIS!
GIANT
TRENCHER,
FOR TEN-
METER-DEEP
EXCAVA-
TIONS!





SEEING THAT ITS INSIDE IS MECHANICAL TOO MAKES ME SHIVER AGAIN.





NOW I'LL
FILL IT UP
WITH MY
SCALDING
STUFF, AND
YOU'LL BE
IMPRISONED
FOREVER!

HAVING A
TOMBSTONE IS
A tad TOO GOOD
FOR YOU, BUT
I'LL MAKE SURE
TO AT LEAST
WRITE DOWN
YOUR NAME!!!



WE DUG
YOUR GRAVE.
A MAGNIFICENT
GULLY, DON'T
YOU THINK?



THIS
TRENCH
...!



YOU'LL
REST IN
THIS
DISMAL
PLACE! IN
FRONT OF
A SLEAZY
BAR!

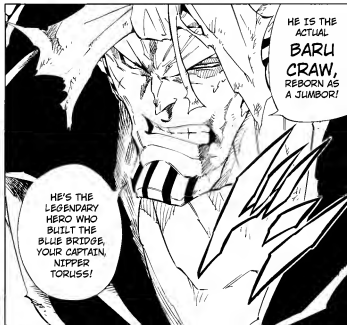


MEMBER AND
001-0010
RESTS HERE



JUMBOR
11-D
BARU
CRAW!







MY NAME
IS SILT.
YOU DID
SOMETHING
FOR ME A
LONG TIME
AGO...

EEEK!

WHO ARE
YOU!? HOW
COULD YOU
KNOW MY
NAME!?



YOU'RE A
CONSTRUCTION
WARRIOR WHO,
THANKS TO YOUR
SKILLS, WAS
ALLOWED TO LIVE
IN THIS WORLD
AFTER THE GREAT
DESTRUCTION, AS
YOU WERE AN EX-
MEMBER OF EARL
GRAN'S TEAM.

WHICH
IS WHY
I KNOW
YOU
WELL.



!

YET YOU'RE ALSO A
SHITTY DEFECTOR,
AND EVEN THOUGH
YOU ACHIEVED THE
BEST MARKS AT THE
PROFESSIONAL
TRAINING CENTRE,
YOU FLED AS SOON
AS YOU WERE
ASSIGNED TO
SERVE OUR LORD.



WHAT I'M
TRYING
TO SAY,
NIPPER-
SAN...

BUT, AT LEAST
CONCERNING
THE MACHINERY-
PILOTING
SKILLS, YOU'RE
A FIRST CLASS,
RELUCTANT
EXPERT.



THE
ONLY
ONE...?



...HE-
HE...

WHO DO
YOU THINK
YOU ARE,
ADDRESS-
ING ME
LIKE
THAT?



BESIDES,
MY CAPTAIN
DIED A
LONG TIME
AGO.

ANYWAY,
WHAT
COULD I
POSSIBLY
DO WITH-
OUT AN
EM?

NO MATTER
HOW MANY
TIMES YOU
SAY THIS
KID IS HIS
REINCARNATION,
LIKE
HELL I'M
BUYING THAT.

IS THAT
RIGHT NOW
YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE
WHO CAN
SAVE HIM!





IF SOMEONE
LIKE YOU WAS
SAVED, THEN
ALL THE MORE
REASON TO
BELIEVE YOUR
CAPTAIN WAS
TOO...!

THEN WHY
ARE YOU
STILL
ALIVE?



THEN YOU'LL
HAVE THE
PLEASURE
OF KNOWING
WHERE
YOU'LL BE
DEPLOYED
TO.

NOW
YOU WILL
HAVE TO
UNDERGO
APTITUDE
TESTS.



AND
YOU
COULD
BE
REBORN
AS A
JUMBOR,
LIKE
THEY
WERE.
BUWA-
HAHA-
HAHA!

OBVIOUSLY,
IF YOU
WERE A
TRULY
EXCELLENT
CONSTRUC-
TION
WARRIOR,
YOU
WOULDN'T
HAVE TO
GO
THROUGH
SUCH
ANNOYING
TESTS...







I'M READY
TO CREATE
THE TOMB-
STONE.

MIXING
OF THE
BITUMINOUS
EMULSION
COMPLETED!

!

!!!



AND
WATCH
YOU
SUFFER
AS IT
HARDENS.



ALL THAT'S
LEFT
TO DO IS
POUR THE
ASPHALT...

!!!

IN ANY
CASE,
THIS
ISNT
OVER.
I STILL
HAVE
MY LEFT
ARM.

I DONT
KNOW HOW
MY BODY
IS MADE,
BUT IF IT
REALLY IS
MECHANICAL,
THEY
COULDVE
AT LEAST
SPARED ME
THE PAIN...

THE
ARM
THEY
TORE
OFF
HURTS
LIKE
HELL.

UGH
...

ALL I
HAVE TO
DO IS
SURPRISE
THEM AND
LAND A
GOOD
HIT.

I'M PRETTY
SURE
I CAN
ENLARGE IT
LIKE I DID
WITH THE
OTHER.

DAMN...

**WHY DO I
HAVE TO
FIGHT
THESE
SENSE-
LESS
BATTLES
INSTEAD?**

**I WAS
SUPPOSED
TO LIVE IN
THE CON-
STRUC-
TION
WORLD...**



I WOULD
BE REALLY
ANNOYED IF
THE TOMB-
STONE WAS
TIPPED OVER
WHILE
DIGGING!

LET'S JUST
TEAR OFF
HIS OTHER
ARM AS
WELL!!!



!!!





THEN YOU
DISCONNECT
THE ENGINE
AND THE
JOB IS
DONE.



...THIS
MACHINE
CAN NO
LONGER
MOVE.

IN OTHER
WORDS...





BESIDES,
I'M NOT
THE ONE
WHO
BETRAYED
YOU...

THE
PRINCESS
ASKED ME
TO MAKE IT
OPERATIONAL
AGAIN,
JUST IN
CASE.

I REMOVED
ITS EXCESS
ARMOUR
PLATES AND
MODIFIED THE
COMPUTER. ITS
MOBILITY IS
NOW DOUBLED.



THEN
WHO'S
STEER-
ING...!?

SILT
!!?



MY LORD'S
ENEMIES
ARE MY
ENEMIES.

BREGGIA
AND GRIT,
YOU ARE THE
TRAITORS
HERE.



IT'S ME,
OF
COURSE!

THEN I'LL
HAVE YOU
KNOW THAT
DEATH
WON'T BE
ENOUGH
FOR YOU.

IF THAT
KID HAP-
PENS TO
ACTUALLY
BE MY
CAPTAIN...

